AFTER THE WAR.

Is was a clear, cold afternoon, such as we are wont to have in New York in midwinter. If the old English saw years its teeth in our New England civilization, this Christmas would make ban diurchyard, for although the to leant shop windows were smartly decred with green, the streets and the roofs were white with snow. There had han a heavy fall the night before, and the most flakes had heaped themselves into a soft and fleecy cushion a foot think; then in the morning had come a sharp frost, freezing out the water from. the snow danks cast up by the plows of the treet car companies, and by the inin had efforts of the householders. and now it was Christmas Eve, and the harrying multitudes, anxious or joyous. hand or gloomy, some expanding unhe the glow of the merry season, some shutting comselves only the tighter in their shell-all tramped up and down Randon, crunching the hard, dry ery-tals laneatle their feet, and shaking from their heads the continuous hail of too particles which blew from every, time this throng of men and women

buying the final, forgotten Christmas gard and incrying home for the Christman be being and rest, walked Aifred Rainston, so deeply absorbed in his own the hat he did not see the people as they passed him. He was thinking of the letter he had written two days before Habid asked for an immediate answer: the mail should be in New York by this time; and in a few minutes more that unswer ought to be in his hands. He shall harfly doubt what it would be -vet he moved faintly that it might not be went no expected. The thope, vague and light as it was, made him a little less mwilling to get the answer and Know her worst at once. His letter had be a written to Susan Hallett, to whom he had been engaged for years; and it was to ask her to meet him two days house, that they might be married without further delay, and he was hoping feebly that her answer would reveal some just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in matri-

was the breaking out of the war which first parted them. He was only 14 years old, but he went to the front with the first company from the cape, and as a drummer-boy he saw four the Potomac. In all those years he was able to get home only once to see her and to see his mother. Just before his brigade left Appomattox to take part in the final grand review of the armies of the Union, there came to him a letter from her, with deep edges of black, telling him of his mother's sudden death, but saying nothing of the loving care and comforting service which she had lavished on that mother, left alone while he was doing his duty in the sharp tussle of war. What kindness there was in the simple words of that letter! He recalled every sentence of it, though it was eighteen years since he had read it. All his recollections of her in the days of her youth were gracious and tender, and as his mind went along old tracks of thought, and as his memory gave up numberless instances her womanly goodness, his heart smate him, and he reproached himself; he even wondered at himself, and he danly dreaded the day when she should disover the change in him.

His rapid walk up Broadway brought him to to the intersection of Broadway and Fifth avenue at Twenty-third street. He crossed the street and entered the Fifth avenue hotel. As he stad before the counter of the office. the clerk nodded to him in cheerful recognition, and said:

"I do not know whether the ladies are in vet. Mr. Rollinston, but I can send your card up."

Alfred Rollinston flushed to the temas a man may do when he discovresuddenly that another has noticed what he supposed he had kept close.

"Thank you," he said with an impercontible effort, "but I can not pay any visits this afternoon. I came to see if you had a letter for me. I'm expecting one by the afternoon mail-and I asked to have it addressed here, as I may dine here before I leave the city to-night." The impassive but observant clerk glanced at a handful of letters and said, There is nothing for you here, Mr.

"There is perhaps hardly time for it just yet," replied Rollinston as he turned away. He drew a long breath of relief, tike a man reprieved.

As he walked out of the hotel, and across the broad avenue to Madison square, he wondered how the clerk had come to notice his visits to the hotel. Surely they had not been enough to extite remark. Once in the square, he turned and gazed up at the windows of one of its apartments. But in the dusk of the twilight there was nothing to be seen at these windows, the shades of which had not yet been lowered. Alfred Rollinston turned abruptly and began to walk up Fifth avenue. With approaching night the air seemed more chill, and h fastened another button of his over-

Suddenly, from the tall mast in the renter of Madison square, there tions severely. He felt the tie between out the electric light, etching on the wante grass-plots the bare limbs of the indefad trees as sharply as though they were bitten in by a pungent acid. Up and down Fifth avenue the sidewalks were illumined by the blue glare of the energie light as it fell from the high jours at the street corners. Its azure radiance and the jingling of the distant var-hells recalled the moonlight sleighrules and the other frolics of the little Cape Cod town, the winter after the war, when Alfred Rollinston was Inited by all the old folks and allowed to do as he liked. He wondered now he'v if was that he did not then see that Suran Hallett loved him. It was not until two years later that he found out be leved her. It was in the spring of 68, when he was just 21, that he be-Came conscious, all at once that his heart was not his own, but hers. 'He'recalled all doubts and hesitations, all the

delicious self-torture of a young man in all the abounding joy of an unrected proposal frankly accepted. Of hourse, marriage was not to be thought If all he was able to support a wite. then he had led a happy go-licky life making out as best he might. It we understood that she was to wait for hun, and that they were to be married only when he had at least begun to make his way in the world. And she was wait-

At first he found it difficult to settle Hown. Four years of army life, good as its discipline had been in many ways, after another, and he staid nowhere long. ingly as he could, trying to keep back his reputation. -Overland Monthly.

He remembered his last day as an auction eer's clerk and his first attempt as a reporter. In time, his heart began to fail him a little, and he discovered that he had not the grit to gainstand burly misfortune. He reflected on the text, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel, from which he absent-minded minister had preached the morning he was bap tized; it came back to him with all the force of a prophecy from the pulpit. When he was most despondent about his future, and well-nigh ready to give up the struggle, Susan came to his rescue Not only did she cheer him with loving words, but she induced her father to get an old friend in Boston to give him another chance, It so happened that the new situation fell in with his wayward mood, and he took hold of his work in earnest. In another year or two he had an assured position. And as Alfred Rollinston reached Thirty-

fourth street and began to retrace his steps, he remembered that it was on a Christmas Eve, just ten years before; that his employers had given him the increase of salary which warranted his writing to ask her to name the day. But in the four years which had nearly elapsed since their engagement, her circumstances had changed. Her father had made unfortunate investments, and his health had begun to fail. She was an oldy child, and, she could not leave her father alone. They must wait a little longer yet.

She had a deferred hope that her

father might be persuaded to move to Beston, and then the marriage might take place. But the old man clung to his native town. His little property shrank into nothing; and his health faded until he took to his bed at last. Then, after lingering two years, he died. Susan Hallett settled his affairs, paid his few debts, and collected the scant \$100 which remained. Then the wedding day was fixed, after long years of waiting, and, a week before it arrived, the firm by which Rollinston was employed. failed, under the pressure of panic and long drawn depression, and he was once more thrown on the world to begin again. She had an aunt in a little town in Ohio, and she went there and began to teach school. He started again on the search for work. And again the taint of instability in his character was made evident, and he did not prosper. So it had been for years now; whatever ne turned his hand to crushed within his grasp. At last, however, it looked as though luck had changed; and Alfred Rollinston quickened his pace, and raised his head. Across the square, on a screen high above the heads of the people, was a magic-lantern advertisement, just then setting forth the best, cheapest, and quickest route to Omaha. This struck him as a good omen. Sam Sargent, the great speculator, wanted a man with a wide experience of life to take charge of the Omaha division of the Transcontinental Telegraph company. and with the new year Alfred Rollinston was to begin this new work. So he had written to Susan Hallett, asking her to marry him and to go on with him to Omaha; and he had requested her to answer him by return man; and he was

come a refusal. As he crossed the double street before the Fifth Avenue hotel, he looked again at the windows of one apartment. He saw it was lighted up; and as he gazed, a slight, girlich figure appeared at one of the windows and lowered the shade. For a mement her outline was visible: then all was dark, as the inner curtains had been dropped. He knew the roon and its gracious' inmates, and he had been made welcome there more than once in the past few weeks. He sighed bitterly as he entered the hotel.

hoping against hope that there might

"Has that letter come yet?" he asked. "Nothing for you as yet, Mr. Rollinston," answered the clerk, "But we shall have our mail in a few minutes now." Rollinston went out again into the open air, and drew a long breath. He thought how man changes in time, and woman also. In the dreary years of waiting, he had become very different from the strippling who fell in love with Susan Hallett. She, too, had altered. He wondered if he had changed for the worse. He knew he was not good enough for her-and he caught himself wishing she were not quite so good. If she had not been flawless in character, he might have loved her longer. It was not that he resented her moral superiority exactly, though at times he could not but chafe under it. Her code of life was almost too exacting for every day use. Even as a girl, there had been a trace of rigidity in her manner. She was as gentle and as kind as any one, but as she grew older she stiffened and hardened. She had led a plain and simple life in the country, while he had enjoyed the gaieties and pleasures of the city, not always as wholesome as they might be. On the rare occasions when he was able to be with her. he began to feel ill at ease. He thought that she had seen the constraint which grew on him in her presence. With wider and diverging experience of life they seemed to him less well-mated, and the marriage at last appeared less desirable. They had developed in different directions, and a difference of taste in the enjoyments of life may strain the affec-

seemed not to suspect it. She kept all her little country ways, and she clung to these provincialisms with a strange persistency. She had

nem loosening, and fe was conscious that

they were drifting apart, although she

the simple and natural good manners of her ancestors, but these did not always accord with the higher, artificial code Rollinston had learnt to obey. His every nerve tingled when he noted some phrase or act of hers which seemed to him a lapse from the false standard he accepted; and she was always making these lapses; he suffered at every one, and he suffered silently while waiting for them. When he saw har last, she wore her hair in a bunch of curls at the back of her head. They made her look like a "school-marm." He had told her they were old-fashioned and "western"a term of bitter reproach in his mouth. She had colored and said nothing then, though after ward she remarked quietly that she supposed she was getting set in her ways and quite like an old maid. He remembered that she had been more thoughtful and serious afterward. It was true, though; she had lost the pliancy of youth, while he was as flexible

Then, as he thought of the past-of his boyhood, of his mother's death, of the happy courting, of her patience and tenderness-a pang of poignant self-reprorch seized him, and he wondered whether he had allowed any of his dissatisfaction to leak into his letter to her. He was afraid were not altogether the best training for it was cold, and he knew it was not making money. He tried one thing cordial. He had written to her as lov-

weariness of the bond that bound them. and his longing to break it asunder. Would she be sharp enough to see through him? Small minds are easily suspicious, and as easily quieted, but a large mind. like hers for she had a large and noble nature-is slow to suspect, but sure to probe to the truth when once aroused. meant to keep his troth in good faith, to abide by the letter of the bond-the spirit was beyond his control already. He had read in some book of maxims that there are times when to act reasonably is to act like a coward. He knew it was unreasonable for them to marry now; but was he not a coward to confess this even to himself? He felt mean in his own eyes when he thought how he had hoped there might be some unforeseen obstacle to her acceptance.

Just then he was aroused from his reveries by the hoarse cries of newsboys proclaiming an extra, and announcing a horrible loss of life in a railroad accident. He bought the paper with an involuntary hope that perhaps the train which had borne his letter to her might have been destroyed; for, in that case he would have written differently. But the extra was a catch-penny, and the trifling accident it described was in

Again he looked up at the windows of one apartment in the hotel; and in the room next to the one where the shades had been lowered he saw the bright glitter of a resplendent Christmas tree. Evidently the occupants of the apartment had forgotten to close the curtains. He could see the lissome figure of the graceful girl who had lowered the shade in the adjoining room. Then the door was opened, and a troop of laughing children came pouring in. dancing with delight around the one girl, who began detaching the presents. As his eyes' followed her about the room he did not notice an elderly lady who approached the window and suddenly dropped the heavy curtains, shutting him out from all share in the innocent gaiety within. Rollinston started, shivered a little, and shook from his shoulders the snow which had begun to fall a few minutes before. He went over to the hotel to ask again for the letter, the only Christmas present he was likely to receive; and whether it was to be a gift of good or evil, he did not dare to con-

"Here's your letter, Mr. Rollinston," Afred Rollinston seized the envelope and tore it open hastely. Then he hes He walked into the bar-room.

drank a small glass of brandy, and took a seat in a quite corner. At last he unfolded the letter, and read it with a rapid glance. This is what he read; "Ever since I saw you last, Alfred,

have feared that our paths in life would part sooner or later. Your letter makes the parting certain. We have grown away from each other. I release you, forgive you, but I shall never forget you. Go where you will, my good wishes shall go with you.

"SUSAN HALLETT." Brander Matthews in Belgravia.

Columbus' "Favorite" Birthplace. Calvi in Corsica has been making great to-do about setting up a tablet to commemorate the birth of Columbus within its limits. Unfortunately, as one historian has remarked, Christopher's favorite birthplace was Genoa; at all events, he seems to have been born there more frequently than anywhere else, so Calvi has a bad lookout in this direction. It certainly can not rival the tablet let into the wall of a house at Cogoleto, sixteen miles from Genoa, so far as grandiloquence is concerned: "Stop, traveler! Here Columbus first saw the light. This too strait house is the house of a man greater than the world. There has been but one world. 'Let there be two,' said Columbus, and two there were."-Chicago Herald.-

His Image in Snow. Michael Angelo's statue in snow, carved to gratify the whim of a capricious patron, is instanced by Lawrence Barrett as the representative of the actor's art. "The sculptor and the architect, the painter and the poet live in their works which endure after them; the actor's work dies when he dies. He carves his image in snow."-Exchange.

The Rubber Turtle. A turtle of the species popularly known as "rubber turtle" in southern latitudes, where its home is, was captured off the Massachusetts coast recently. It was twelve feet long, and, when it was landed, a tent was erected over it and a big business done. -Chidago Herald.

Disparage and depreciate no one: an insect has feeling, and an atom a shadow.

What Is a Cayuse? If the camel is the "ship of the desert," the cayuse is the yacht of the prairies. He is not for a pack, but a passenger. He is at the door, and I am ready for the ride. It is a May morning. The air is crystal. The forests are fresh. The birds are mirthful. The journey is inviting. It is to be a gallop through eastern Washington-the newest northwest. I make my mount at the door of a friend, a dozen miles south of Spokane Falls. I vault upon the back of a saddled something. What is it? A cavuse. What is a cayuse? An angel if humored -a devil if resisted-a blockhead-a Machiavelli. I saw hundreds of him. talked with many men about him. fea him, and rode him, and studied him but never could find him out. His origin is lost in antiquity-his reputation is the same. His name is not in our largest dictionary, nor his pedigree in any standard work I have seen. In descent he may be a degenerate of the English horse, as the mustang is of the Spanish. He is the Indian among horses.

Every Indian on the Spokane plateat has his cayuse, as every Bedouin in the orient has his Arab. They are personal friends, and equals in all things. They have a common bed and board, and common aims in life. To eat, to drink, and to have their own way-these are the beall and end-all of their existence. But to be specific; my mount is an iron-gray -weight, 700 pounds-black eves and banged foretop-ears notched into four points—strong, stocky. "How far will ne carry me in a day?" I ask. "As far as you can ride him," answers the owner. Then comes a volley of facts about neighbors who have ridden cayuses seventy miles a day for ten days at a stretch. "What shall I feed him?" "When you stop, picket him out on the bunch-grass." "Does he buck?" "Every cayuse bucks." "Does he bite?" Of course he bites." "Kick?" "Kicks!" have learned enough to start on-although I have found my Strongbow (for so I named the cayuse after the first mile) was somewhat better than his A FAMILY PROCESSION.

Millionaire's Caravan, Going Out Inte the Country-The Entire Outfit. The magnificence and state in which ome of our more pretentious families travel, not only astonishes the natives. but is apt to take the breath out of a city man who is accustomed to the display of the same people in town. I was driving along the Hudson the last week in July when I met a well-known New York family moving out to their country house for the month of August. The daughter of the house and two young brothers were riding ahead on their favorite forses followed at a distance by a sedate

"You'll meet the rest of us half a mile back, she said; such a caravan! And we only live here a month, for we're expected at Lenox on the 15th of Septem-Then they all cantered on. Over the

brow of the hill I observed a small village cart with a cool little miss driving a pony and a footman in everyday attire working like a Trojan to keep a small army of poodles in the cart and prevent another batch of dogs, that were chained to the tail of the cart and running behind, from being dragged in the dust. There were fox terriers, a small bull dog, water spaniel, and a yelping skye in the cart, while two bird dogs, a big deer hound, and an Irish setter sent up a base chorus from the rear. The footman was what country girls would technically describe as "a sight." Behind this little feature of the parade came the family carriage with the mother and two maids and the big coachman. There were bundles and wraps and two bird cages and an entire absence of the head of the family, who was so busy that he had decided to run up later on the train. Wise man. Just behind the family carriage was a coach resplendent, and gorgeous with four superb thoroughbreds ambling and pawing the dust. The oldest son of the house-he is but

21-was on the box seat, but beside him was the regular guard of the coach ready to lend a hand in an emergency. The oldest son held the reins proudly. It had been his ambition to sit in his father's seat for ten years, and this was the first time it had ever been gratified. A raw and rather delicately built boy is likely have all he can do to manage a spirited four in hand. He was happy. It had been stipulated that the guard should sit beside him and that he should pass the family carriage, moved at the regulation speed. Nevertheless he was in clover. Two boy friends sat on one of the broad seats dressed in yachting toggery and chaffing the driver as they consumed innumerable cigarettes. Directly behind them were two immense express wagons, each with three horses abreast. They were loaded with trunks, boxes and bales. Following them were two carriages and a light buckboard, made of white ash, all towed by the horses and wagon of a prominent firm of

carriage builders. I confess that at this point I began to to wonder when the procession would come to an end. I turned a bend in the road and encountered the smug visage of a well known horse trainer, who was driving a team of trotters that are known to every horseman in America. It was a picture to see the care and daintiness with which he drove, steering the valuable animals clear of pebbles on the road that another man would not have seen. and talking and whispering to them constantly. The horses' sleek and well groomed coats shone in the sun like oiled silk, and their sensitive ears swept back and forth at every sound of the driver's voice. As they moved along their small hoofs and clean cut legs fairly danced. They were loth to touch the ground. I never saw a prettier sight than that pair of sturdy horses. On the box by the driver lolled the butler, without coat, dignity or collar, smoking a huge cigar and looking extremely larly and happy. Within the coach there was a picturesque jumble of cooks and housemaids red faced, laughing and overdressed. A small baggage wagon, with a tricycle, a bicycle and a baby carriage, finally brought the family procession to a close. Who says America has no leisure class?—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

THE SCORPIONS OF MEXICO.

Habits of a Common Pest-Effects of the

Sting-A Happy Family. One of the most common pests in Mexico are the alcarans, or scorpions, for during certain seasons of the yea they are as numerous as flies around sugar-house. They are within the cracks of the wall, between the bricks of tiles of the floor, hiding inside your garments, darting everywhere with inconceixable rapidity, their tails (the "business end" which holds the sting) ready to fly up with dangerous effect upon the slightest provocation. Turn up a corner of the rug or tablespread, and you disturb a flourishing colony of them; shake your shoes in the morning, and out they flop throw your bath spenge into the water, and half a dozen of them dart out of its cool depths into which they had wriggled for a siesta; in short, every article you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—"to be well shaken before taken."

The average scorpion is mahoganyhued, and about two inches long; but have seen them as long as five inches The small, yellowish variety are considered post dangerous, and their bite is most apprehended at midday. In Durango they are black and so alarmingly numerous-having been allowed to breed for centuries in the deserted mines -that the government offers a reward per head (or, rather, per tail) to whoever will kill them. Ther sting is seldom fatal, but is more or less severe according to the state of the system. Victims have been been known to remain for days in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, with stomach swelled as in dropsy; while others do not suffer much more than from a bee sting. The common remedies are brandy, taken in sufficient quantities to stupefy the patient, ammonia, administered both externally and internally, boiled silk and guaiacum. It is also of use to press a large key, or other tube, on the wound to force out part of the poison. As most of my readers are aware, this

species of insect-a genus of Arachnida, of the order Pulmonaria-are distinguished from other spiders by having the abdomen articulated, with a sharp, curved spur at the extremity, beneath which are two pores from which the venon flows, supplied by two poison-glands at the base of the segment. The anterior pair of fee fied into pincers or the lobster, by wh

while the other fe

genus into sub-gen

number of their ey

ordinary spiders.

it is worthless as a means tion of any sort. It was up hat Cleopatra came in barge here she and Antony first dnus is covered by a rail-When the pile-drivers set couldn't drive the timber

or twelve. They eat the eggs of spiders and also feed on beetles and other insects, piercing the prey with their stingers again and again before beginning the meel. When alarmed or irritated a scorpion "shows fight" immediately, running about and waving his sting in all directions, for attack or defence, evi-

dently aware of its power. The young scorpions are produced at astonishingly frequent intervals, the mother displaying far greater regard for her offspring than their vicious nature seems to justify. During their brief infancy she carries them about clinging in great numbers to her back, limbs and tail, never leaving her retreat for a mo ment, unless, overburdened by their weight, her hold relaxes from the wall and down falls the whole happy family in a wad. The ungrateful children generally reward the maternal devotion by destroying the mother as soon as they are old enough, tearing her piecemeal with the greatest ferocity.

Betsy and I amuse ourselves by stuly ing their habits, and have become expert in catching them by the tail with lassos of thread, afterward suspending them in bottles of alcohol to send to microscopically inclined friends. Happening to be out of alcohol one day, we put a captured scorpion into an empty bottle. Remembering it a week later, we went to look, when lo! where one had been were now fifty-seven; but whether it was only the mother and her children. or if the original scorpion had arrived at the dignity of a great-grandparent in that length of time, was food for conjecture. Happily this rapidity of in crease is offset by their bitter enmity toward all others of their kind, and the perpetual warfare they wage upon one another thins their ranks more than any other cause. Scorpions are said to harbor an especial spite against brunettes and to leave blonde people comparatively unmolested. The Indians eat them. after pulling out the sting-a "crunchy" sort of morceau, as delightful, no doubt, to them, as are snails, frogs, crabs and similar delicacies to American appetites.-Fannie B. Ward in Boston Trans-

Scotch Land and Cattle Companies. There are in Dundee, Scotland, eight companies dealing in mortgages and cattle in the western and northwestern states. In Elinburgh there are eleven, and in Glasgow three. The land and cattle companies in the United Kingdom operating in the United States hold in 1,445,796 acres. Their dividends in 1883 averaged over 8 per cent., but fell to only a little over 4 per cent in 1885. The causes of this decline are found in the rapid growth of capital in the United States and the gradual decline in the rate of interest which has occurred all over the world.-Chicago Herald.

All the Gold on Eearth. Some one with a mathematical mind has figured it out that all the gold on earth to-day, in whatever shape—that is, mined gold, or, to put it plainer, the gold in use in all nations and the product of all ages-if welded in one mass, would be contained in a cube of less than thirty feet. - Exchange.

The Earth's Inhabitants. All the people now living in the world -say 1,400,000,000—could find standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and by aid of a telephone could be addressed by a single speaker. In a field twenty miles square they could all be comfortably seated. -The Argo-

Rich Men's Sons at Harvard. A great deal has been said lately about the prevalence of rich men's sons at Harvard, and the prodigal use they make of money, to the annovance and humiliation of poor students. A Boston paper, which has taken pains to inquire into the matter, declares that the facts have been much exaggerated; that not more than 10 per cent. of the students are what would be called rich. At' least 20 per cent. of them are so unequivocally poor as to be compelled to observe the closest economy. The remainder are young men of moderate means, whose annuel expenses, including vacations and clothes, are comprised between \$600 and

Even those classed as rich live, it says, without luxury or ostentation. The few who spend lavishly are urged to do so by their parents, who are responsible for their worst vices and folly. It is denied that the silly rich students have great influence over the rest; they are apt, indeed, to be disesteemed and avoided, unless they have redeeming traits, when they, naturally, often make themselves liked. It is also denied that the presence of rich young men at college renders the lot of poor young students harder to bear. No youth of healthful mind, it is alleged, is so affected, and there is no place where character and ability are so certain to be discovered and appreciated as in a great university.-New York Commercial Ad-

Talmage on Summer Religion. It takes more grace to be an earnest and useful Christian in summer than in any other season. The very destitute, through lack of fuel and thick clothing, may find the winter the trying season, but those comfortably circumstanced find summer the Thermovplæ that tests their Christian courage and endurance The spring is suggestive of God and heaven and a resurrection day. That eye must be blind that does not see God's footsteps in the new grass, and hear His voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestion of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. . A May morning is a door opening into heaven. So autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. The season of corn-husking, the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catafaloue of the dead year, remind the dullest of his own fading and departure. But summer fatigues and weakens, and no man keeps his soul in as desirable frame, unless by positive resolution and especial implorations, Puleit and pew often get stupid together, and ardent devotion is adjourned until September.—T. DeWitt Talmage in Brooklyn Magazine.

Tarsus Past and Present. The Tarsus in which St. Paul lived and and went to school is twenty feet below the present town. The tomb of Sardanapalus is here, and at Tarsus was one of the three great universities of the pagan world-ranking among the Roman royalty that of Athens or Alexandria. Tarsus was then connected by the sea as now by the river Cydnus, and floated

down. Looking for the reason they found the earth below thickly covered with large, flat stones that covered the graves. The same was found upon the river bed. The river had changed its course, and was running above the wellcemented vaults of the old Tarsans -Foreign Letter.

As an Essential Part. President Eliot, of Harvard, remarks: "I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman-namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue. -Exchange.

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income. - Bruvere.

In a National Way. Mr. Carl Rosa, who is doing so much for English opera in Great Britain, put this question to an American critic: "Why does not your American opera work in a truly national way by bringing out American operas, or at least operas composed to English words,-Philadelphia Press.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity. - Augustine.

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are now ready. We have marked them at special prices and would advise customers to make their purchases now as the advance in wool must soon make these goods cost more money.

Customers leaving orders for Blankets

this month and next can have them sent home in the Fall at the same prices we are selling them at now/ No Deposit required.

Orders handed to our driver, or sent by mail/will receive prompt attention.

Lord & Taylor, Grand, Chrystie & Forsyth Sts. NEW YORK

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Receive Advertisements for this Paper. ESTIMATES TO LEWISTATE ANTENTISTIC FREE THE MUTUAL BENEFIT Life Insurance Company,

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SURPLUS (New York Standard)

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